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WEEKLY-ALMANAC.

JUNE, 1837.	Sun (Sun) rises sets.	MOON'S PHASES.
2 Friday, 4 51 7 9		For June, 1837.
3 Saturday, 4 53 7 9		D. H. M.
4 Sunday, 4 55 7 10		New 3 2 23 morn.
5 Monday, 4 56 7 10		First 11 5 9 morn.
6 Tuesday, 4 57 7 11		Full 18 10 31 morn.
7 Wednesday, 4 58 7 11		Last 25 12 58 morn.
8 Thursday, 4 59 7 11		

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE THREE HOMES.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who in the morning air
Was twisting flowers most sweet and wild
In garlands for her hair;
"My home," the happy child replied,
Smiling in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side,
Where soft winds wander free."
O! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers!
"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
Who bent with flowing hair,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild woods secret place;
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.
Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragrant thing.
"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim gray,
Who came with furrowed brow and wan,
Slow musing on his way;
He paused, and with a solemn mien
Uplifted his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou'lt never hast seen,
"My home is in the skies!"
O! blest—thrice blest the heart must be
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walk from worldly fetters free,
Is only home is heaven!

From the Portland Journal.

An Elopement.

"Frank I am going to be married!"
"To be what, Bob?"
"Married."
"Married Bob?"
"Married, why not? and to-morrow evening!"
"Who can be such a fool?"
I spoke rather thoughtless to be sure but it was so natural. Bob was a clever fellow,—one of that class of people who lend umbrellas and penknives, etc., a very good natured fellow was Bob. And every body called him a good natured fellow but every body said as they called him so, "what a pity he had not a little more sense." He would do any thing for you, and you might do any thing for him, and as for his being offended, it was something he never dreamed of and in fact people said he did not know enough to be offended—a very malicious observation, undoubtedly; but one that somehow gained wonderful credit. I was at a loss to imagine who Bob could have imposed upon so much as to persuade to become his wife, and ran through the whole list of nursery maids and milliners' apprentices that I had ever seen, without being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. I spoke therefore my conclusion. I said,
"Who can be such a fool?"
"Fool," said Bob, without comprehending my remark other than a general one, "You don't think a lady a fool for being married do you?"
"Only under particular circumstances," I replied.
"But there are difficulties in the way,"
"I should think there might be."
"And I rely upon you to assist me."
"Rely, my dear Bob, I would do almost any thing to oblige you, but don't think I could persuade a lady to marry you. I am not eloquent. Besides I have a conscience."
"Oh, she has consented.—but her father—these fathers, you know, are always in the way—I have not asked him but she says it will be of no use and so we must elope. To-morrow evening is the appointed time, and you, I am sure will not refuse us your assistance."
I concluded if any lady was foolish enough to run away with Bob I should not be to blame for assisting them to do it handsomely. I also quieted my conscience by thinking if things looked very bad, I would carry the fair emigrant to the insane hospital and send for her friends. So I consented.
"I will assist you, Bob."
"Thank you; I will call and arrange matters with you in the morning. Good evening."
Good evening, but stop one moment; who is the lady?"
"Did't I tell you? Mariana F——."

I was glad that it was evening, and Bob could not see my face. I think it must have turned all colors. I leaned against the house for support. Could it be possible! Mariana F——, my Mariana; she whose devoted slave I had been for six mortal weeks—to whom I had written reams of red hot letters—(there is the true secret of the surplus revenue)—for whose sake I had given up smoking, and gone to church with the regularity of the sexton, merely to look upon her pretty face; to whom I had sworn more vows than I could ever perform, should I live to be the age of Methuselah,—whom for six weeks I had flirted with all the morning,—danced with all the evening, and serenaded half the night. She, of all others, to jilt me—to elope—to run away, and with such a fellow as Bob,—a fool, an idiot. Alas! they say

"Love laughs at lovers' perjuries."
The old fellow must keep up a terrible giggling. I went home melancholy, as may well be imagined; it is no slight thing to a sensitive man, like me, to be jilted, after six weeks honest and faithful courtship. I doubted in what way to commit suicide. Arsenic is so very disagreeable; hanging is so abominable vulgar;—and as for stabbing and sticking, that is too much like the way they kill calves and sheep.

At ten o'clock, I stood with George F. Mariana's brother, and my most particular friend.

"George, I am going to kill myself!"
"You had better not, Frank—take a glass of wine."

"Before this night closes I shall be a dead man."

Then you'll be sorry for it before morning, take my word for it—capitulate now this—imported it myself."

"George you are my most particular friend."

"Can't deny that Frank, but I don't see what that has to do with your killing yourself; unless indeed, you want me for an executor, or a bearer—I will serve with all my heart, in either capacity."

"George was you ever serious?"
"Yes, when my horses ran away, and left me to walk nine miles in the rain. I can put on a long face now if you particularly desire it. There; see what a dolorous expression; I should do credit to the deaconship. Quick—out with your tale of tribulation, for I can't keep my face screwed up in this manner long."

"You are aware George, of the peculiar situation in which I stand, in relation to Mariana. Circumstances have occurred, which convince me that I have been most cruelly deceived; life is no longer desirable or hardly endurable."

"Fudge! find another girl, I can show you one worth a dozen of her. You allude I suppose to the affair of Bob."

"I do, but I was not aware that you knew any thing about it."

"Yes; they have made me their confidante. I am to provide the horses. Bob says you have promised to be groomman—I would have taken the office myself, but it will not do for me to be known in the affair. It would be deemed uncivil for you to kill yourself just before the wedding Frank."

"And is it possible that Mariana has confided this to you? Did she say nothing of me?"

"Oh yes! she said something about you—wished you much happiness; very sorry to disappoint you; and really valued your friendship,—and all that kind of thing, you know. I told her you would not care a cent; would be glad to get rid of her—and really Frank, I did not think you would be so much troubled by so trifling an affair; I have a dozen lady loves, and you shall have your choice of them."

I thanked my friend for his generosity, but he evidently did not understand my feelings.

"To bear is to conquer our fate." Strange as it may seem I resolved to accept the invitation of Bob, to be present at the wedding—to reproach the faithless fair one for inconsistency, even before the altar—and after having shown my generosity and magnanimity by giving her up, when I couldn't help it, I would commit suicide at my leisure.

The clock struck nine; and I stood at the appointed place two squares off—we did not dare to go nearer on account of the noise. Bob had gone for the lady; he soon appeared with her leaning on his arm. She was closely muffled in her cloak, and her veil was down. She passed me without recognition, though the street lamp shone in my face, and I was so near that I touched her dress. I thought she seemed taller than she ever did before, and her step was unusually heavy.

"Dreadfully agitated," whispered Bob, as she entered the carriage—hasn't spoken a word since she left the house. I closed the door and mounted the box with the driver, for the double purpose of pointing out the way, and leaving the lovers to an uninterrupted *tete-a-tete*. We lashed over the pavement at a killing pace; the hoofs of our horses struck fire at every bound. I pulled out a box of loco focos and lighted a cigar. There is nothing in the

world for a broken heart, like tobacco; I grew easier at every puff, and my heart lightened with every whiff of smoke that rose gracefully over my head. In a couple of hours we arrived at our place of destination. "Still agitated," whispered Bob, as he descended the steps, "she has not said a word while we have been in the coach; and considering what a talker she is, it is wonderful."

We were too early by near an hour, and after some consultation, Bob concluded to go for the clergyman, and leave the bride elect in my charge, having first conducted her into the house. I walked beneath her window tossed by a thousand emotions. At one time I resolved to conduct myself with stoic indifference, and see her given to another; then I half determined to rush in to the room where she was and claim her as my own. I heard her bell ring, and in a few minutes I saw a servant enter her room with something on a waiter. I continued walking before her windows, till at last I could restrain myself no longer—she might have fainting I thought. I entered the house, and put a trembling hand on the latch of her door; it yielded to the pressure, and I stood in the presence of the "lost love of mine." Good Heavens! as I live, there sat a lady with her feet on the table, a cigar in her mouth, and a glass of smoking-hot-whiskey punch beside her.

"What in the name of wonder does this mean?"

"Ah Frank, I thought you had committed suicide," answered the familiar voice of my friend George F., escaping through the wilderness of bonnets, caps and tabs.

"George explain yourself!"

"I think my situation explains itself; you see your friend Bob has eloped with me, we shall in all probability be married in an hour."

"I wish him joy of his bride, with all my heart, but I do not understand, will the fair lady condescend to give me an explanation?"

"Why the truth is, Frank, some one persuaded Bob—who you know is the greatest fool alive—that Mariana was very much taken with his pretty face. In consequence he wrote her a note—I saw it, I frequently peep into Mari's letters—(don't look so grave, Frank; I never read any of yours, too abominably long—too dull and silly)—I answered it in her name and in the prettiest cursive quill you ever saw. That brought a reply from the gallant Bob. In a few days we had an elopement regularly contrived. The poor fellow never suspected any thing, for although Mariana refused to see him whenever he called, and scarcely nodded to him in the street I explained all in my letters, and he was perfectly satisfied. The rest you know, and here I am; and now Frank, taking the cigar out of his mouth, and finishing his punch at a draught, don't you think I make an excellent lady?—Rather too tall for Mari's dress to be sure, but short frocks are all the fashion."

I did not wait for the ardent lover to return but hastened homewards. "If you still conclude to commit suicide," said George, as I turned away, "leave me your watch!"

From the Transcendental.

SINGULAR AND VERY NOVEL CIRCUMSTANCES.

A young planter in the upper part of the State, lately married a beautiful and highly intellectual lady, after the honey moon had passed, he was pained to observe that his young bride looked thoughtful at times, and appeared to suffer much *canta*. Thinking this might be caused by the absence of female companions, he induced several young ladies, relatives to make his house their home, in hopes thereby to render her completely happy. This arrangement had not the desired effect. His beloved, though apparently joyous and cheerful, while conversing with him, as soon as the conversation lagged, relapsed into the melancholy mood. Surprised at this, he fell to pondering the cause; and after a lengthy reflection, he came to the determination of sending to New York for a piano, to be forwarded by the first ship bound to Natchez, Vicksburg, or Grand Gulf. Well, the musical companion at length arrived—and a splendid one it was—of beautiful mahogany, ornamented and polished, to the value of a \$500 bank note. And then it discoursed such ravishing melody, as the snowy fingers of the young bride pressed the keys! The young planter was in raptures! and congratulated himself on having procured the identical one thing needful to his angel's complete felicity. Poor man! he paid but a poor compliment to his amiable partner's intellect, if he thought she could contentedly pass her leisure hours in strumming a piano forte! He was mistaken. Though "music hath charms," like love, it is not the only desideratum in the world—for a while it pleases the ear and touches the heart, but ministers not to the mind! The lady but seldom courted Apollo, and her husband had the mortification of feeling that he had not yet made his domicile a paradise to "her he adored." At last to solve the riddle of her discontent, he asked

her if she did not at times regret having entered the marriage state. "Oh, no indeed!" she replied with earnestness—"never for a moment, have I begun to regret that I have married you, but—sometimes—"
"What sometimes what dearest?" "If I must tell you then—sometimes I regret that you don't take the newspapers!"—Pa takes half-a-dozen."

Cure for a Passionate Temper.—A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker, respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into court, a proceeding the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and enquired of the servant if his master was at home.—The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called aloud from the top of the stairs, "Tell that rascal I am not at home." The Quaker, looking up towards him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind." The merchant, struck with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and he was wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you—how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee: I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sin, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always speak aloud, and I thought if I could control my voice, I should suppress my passion. I therefore made it a rule never to suffer my voice to rise above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper." The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every body else may do, was benighted by the example.

Singular Occurrence between two Barbers.—On Sunday evening last a showily dressed young man, evidently intoxicated, rolled into a barber's shop in John street, Provost street, City road, and throwing himself into the customer's chair, desired that he might be shaved. While this was going on he fell fast asleep, and the barber having finished the shaving, considered that he might cut the young gentleman's hair, the luxuriant curls of which were speedily reduced to a very short crop, and having used every endeavor to awaken the young man (who was labouring under the effects of good liquor,) for the purpose of obtaining payment, without effect the barber thought it prudent to call in a policeman, and he was ultimately taken to the station house; and on Monday morning when restored to his sober senses, he was informed of the charge made for shaving and cutting hair. "Cutting hair," he roared out; "cutting hair!" and then clasped his head in an agony and pulled off a wig, which presented a woful appearance, being denuded of its curls and fair proportions. He now broke out into the most ludicrous lamentations; and it shortly appeared that he was a journeyman hair dresser at the west end of the town; that he had made the wig himself, and had given six an ounce for the hair, in order to cut a swell (as he called it) in the shop. The John-street barber was sent for, and a very laughable scene took place between them. The journeyman hair dresser's abuse was unmeasured, while the other barber declared neither he nor any one else could have discovered the "gentleman's" hair to be false. The charge ended in the journeyman hair dresser's discharge, and the John-street barber giving up his claim for cutting and shaving which amounted to 4d.

A Good Hint.—If a man of 21 years of age began to save a dollar a week, and put it to interest every year he would have at 31 years of age, \$650; at 41, \$1,890; at 51, \$3,650; at 61, \$6,150; at 71, \$11,500.—When we look at these sums, and when we think how much temptation and evil might be avoided in the very act of saving them, and how much good a man in humble circumstances may do for his family by these sums we cannot help wondering that there are not more saviors of one dollar a week.

Affirmative Love Making.—The courtship of the last but one Earl of Pomfret, and the heiress he afterwards married, was conducted after the following fashion:—"Do you like buttered toast?"—"Yes."—"Buttered on both sides?"—"Yes."—"So do I; don't you think we had better be married?"—"Yes." The lady's fourth "yes" was pronounced before the altar.

Butter.—When butter is to be made, if a little old butter be put in the cream, the butter will come from much less churning. When Soap is to be made, if a little soap be put in the ley and grease, the soap will be made by a considerable less boiling.

Seizure of his Britannic Majesty's Sloop Leveret.—The Leveret, a ten-gun brig, commanded by Capt. Bosanquet, lying in the Mozambique channel in the early part of Dec. last, heard that a large slaver had just arrived on the coast, and on the 25th of that month discovered her lying at anchor in a small bay. The slaver refusing to hold communication with the brig an action commenced. So desperate was the resistance the slaver made, that the Leveret, hauled off twice to repair damages, and at length, after having one man killed, and five or six wounded, among whom was her master, succeeded in taking possession of her. The exact loss of the slaver, which mounted twenty-seven guns, and carried 70 or 80 men was not mentioned, but must have been considerable. A large quantity of dollars, intended for the purchase of slaves, was found and removed to the Leveret, which proceeded to a Portuguese settlement near Mozambique. The Governor of this place demanded that the slaver should be given up, which being refused by Capt. Bosanquet, a large battery, under which the Leveret lay, suddenly opened upon her and obliged her to haul down her colours. Immediate possession was taken by the Portuguese, of the Leveret and slaver, and the prize dollars removed to the Fort. After holding possession of the Leveret eight days, she was delivered up, and Captain Bosanquet, immediately returned to Simon's Bay. The moment the Thalia arrived (and she was daily expected) Admiral Campbell intended to proceed to the Mozambique with all the squadron he could muster, and little doubt is entertained, by those who know the decided character of the admiral, that ample reprisals will be made for this unprecedented insult on the English flag.—Madras Herald Dec. 25.

Remedy for Influenza.—The disorder being one of obstruction of perspiration, and of the customary evacuations, the proper remedies ought to be administered without delay on the first appearance of the usual symptoms, the action of the skin is to be restored by an early application of the hot bath, or by the use of sudorific diluents, as hot tea, barley broth, treacle, posset, mulled and spiced wine, or that which is best of all, a basin of warm gruel at bed time, well sweetened, and containing from twenty to twenty-five drops of antimonial wine, and ten or twelve drops of laudanum. The bowels are to be well attended to;—and all intemperance in eating and drinking, as well as exposure to damp and night air ought to be carefully avoided.

New City.—Our enterprising fellow-citizen, John C. McLemore, Esq. is about to lay off a City on an extensive scale, at old Fort Pickering, on the Mississippi river, about 2 miles below Memphis, in Shelby county, Tennessee. It is understood that the surveys will be commenced the present week, and that the plan of the new City of PENNSYLVIA will be adopted.

A Rail Road, about two and a half miles in length, which the proprietor of the new city designs to construct at his individual expense, will connect with the La Grange and Memphis Rail Road. The city will present a front on the Mississippi river of about one mile including the old Fort, and the well known Memphis Race track.—La Grange Whig.

A Venerable Pullet.—We saw, the other day at Mr. John Herrington's in Houston county, a Hen, which we were assured could not be less than 16 years old!—Though blind in one eye, and almost sightless in the other, she picks up corn with considerable facility—sometimes, however missing the kernel she aims at, and sticking her bill, which is almost worn off, into the ground. This venerable birdy hobbles about amongst her numerous progeny, and as they cluck, cackle and crow in her presence, she rustles her feathers, rolls up her eyeballs, and assumes an air of vast consequence. This aged bird, has in her time laid a prodigious number of eggs, and reared more warriors, we venture to say, than any hen in Georgia. Last year she laid four or five eggs, which however had no shell; and since then has given up laying as well as hatching. She is still a favorite on the land, and is nightly assisted to her roost, from which she descends late the next morning.—Macon Tel.

Rich Men's Wages.—Two neighbours met, one of whom was exceedingly rich, and the other in moderate circumstances. The latter began to congratulate the first on his great possessions, and on the happiness he must enjoy; and ended by contrasting it with his own condition. "My friend," said the rich man, "let me ask you one question. Would you be willing to take my property, and take the whole care of it for your board and clothing?" "No indeed."

"Well, then, is all I get."

The reason why many people know comparatively little, is because they never can bear to do any thing.